



VOL. XVI.

SONOMA, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1893.

NO. 10.

SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNING.

H. H. GRANICE, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
PER YEAR (in advance) \$2.50
Six Months 1.50
Three Months .75
Each additional insertion up to four 1.00
Each subsequent insertion .50

ADVERTISING RATES:
Square of 200 ems, first insertion \$1.50
Each additional insertion up to four 1.00
Each subsequent insertion .50

Yearly and Quarterly advertisements inserted at reasonable prices—a liberal reduction on the above rates being made.

CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC—Father Whyte will celebrate mass on week days at 8 A. M. On Sundays Mass will be celebrated at 8 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. Services on Sunday evening at 7:30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL—Rev. C. E. Chase, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:30 P. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 2:30 P. M. Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor meets at 6:30 P. M. every Sunday.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. G. R. Stanley, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7 P. M. Young people's society of Epworth League at 7:15 P. M. Sundays

SOCIETIES.

SONOMA LODGE, No. 28, I. O. O. F.—Meets in their hall every Saturday evening at 7:30 P. M.

TEMPLE LODGE, No. 14, F. & A. M.—Meets in Masonic Hall on the Saturday on or before the full moon in each month.

PUEBLO LODGE, No. 168, A. O. U. W.—Meets first and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

REBEKAH DEGREE LODGE, No. 99, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

SONOMA PARLOR, No. 111, N. S. G. W.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall.

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, Valley of the Moon Chapter, No. 85.—Meets in Masonic Hall, Thursday evenings on or preceding the full moon.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE, No. 45.—Meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

SONOMA VINEYARD COUNCIL, No. 168, Order of Chosen Friends.—Meets the first and third Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

SONOMA GROVE, No. 75, U. A. O. D.—Meets in Odd Fellows Hall every Friday evening.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOHN M. WHITWORTH

FREDERICK T. DUHRING,
Attorneys at Law,
Rooms 43, 49 and 50, 120 Sutter st.,
San Francisco, Cal.

H. H. DAVIS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE
and residence, Broadway, Sonoma.

W. H. SULLIVAN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE
and residence, Western Building,
Napa street, Sonoma. Office hours—Before
noon and after 6 P. M.

F. BREITENBACH,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEY-
ancer—Office in City Pavilion, So-
nom.

BEST
COUGH
MEDICINE,
PISO'S CURE
FOR
CONSUMPTION.

It has permanently cured THOUSANDS
of cases pronounced by doctors hope-
less. If you have a cough, difficulty of
breathing, or don't delay, but use
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
immediately. By Druggists, 25 cents.

Cure for Croup, Croup and General De-
bility, Small Efficacious. 25c per bottle.
Prevent and cure Constipation and Sick-
Headaches. Small Efficacious.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Is Life
Worth Living?

That depends upon the
Liver. If the Liver is
inactive the whole sys-
tem is out of order—the
breath is bad, digestion
poor, head dull or aching,
energy and hopefulness
gone, the spirit is de-
pressed, a heavy weight
exists after eating, with
general despondency and
the blues. The Liver is
the housekeeper of the
health; and a harmless,
simple remedy—that acts
like Nature, does not
constipate afterwards or
require constant taking,
does not interfere with
business or pleasure dur-
ing its use, makes Sim-
mons Liver Regulator a
medical perfection.

I have tested its virtues personally, and
know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and
Throbbing Headache, it is the best medi-
cine the world ever saw. Have tried forty
other remedies before Simmons Liver
Regulator, and none of them gave more
than temporary relief, but the Regulator
not only relieved but cured.
H. H. JONES, Macon, Ga.

WEYL'S
Meat Market,

—Spain St., Sonoma.

HENRY WEYL, Proprietor.

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Sausage, Lard,
Hams, Bacon, Butter, Eggs,
Poultry, Vegetables,
Etc., Etc.

GIVE ME A CALL.

House
Moving!

HOUSE RAISING.

Any body that wishes to have a
house, barn or other building moved
or raised would do well to see or
write to me.

Good Work Guaranteed. Prices
Moderate.

G. VRUWINK,
Petaluma, Cal.

Hiram Moses

Veterinary
Surgeon.

SONOMA, CAL.

Office—Union Stables. Residence College
Building, Broadway, —loc22-11PIONEER
Lumber Yard

East Side Plaza.

SONOMA, CAL.

Lumber and Building
Material of all
Kinds.

HAY,
GRAIN,
FEED,
LIME and
BRICKS

At Lowest Rates.

WM. GREEN.

THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

It's when the birds go piping and the daylight
slowly breaks;
That, clanking for his dinner, our precious
baby wakes.
Then it's when no more for baby, and it's sleep
no more for me,
For when he wants his dinner, why, it's dinner
it must be!

And of that lullaby he partakes with great
add.
While gran'ma laughs,
And gran'pa laughs,
And wife, she laughs,
And I—well, I laugh too!

You'd think, to see us carrying on about that
little tad,
That, like a not, that baby was the first we'd
ever had.

But, sakes alive! he isn't, yet we people make
a fuss.

As if the only baby in the world had come to us,
And, morning, noon and nighttime, whatever
he may do.

Gran'ma, she laughs,
Gran'pa, he laughs,
Wife, she laughs,
And I, of course, laugh too!

But once a likely spell ago—when that poor
little chick
From feeding on some such ill of infancy
fell sick.

You wouldn't know us people as the same that
went about.

A feeling good all over, just to hear him crow
and shout.

And though he'd never known our fears and
said he'd tell them through
Old gran'ma cried,
And gran'pa cried,
And wife, she cried,
And I—yes, I cried too!

It makes us all feel good to have a baby on the
place.

With his everlastin' crowing and his dimpling,
The patter of his tiny feet makes music ev-
erywhere.

And when he shanks these fists of his goodly
to every card.

No matter what our trouble is, when he begins
to coo.

Old gran'ma laughs,
And gran'pa laughs,
Wife, she laughs,
And I—yes, I laugh too!

—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

THE WELL.

Whir-ir-ir! Splash! Thank heav-
en I was not killed and might yet
escape with my life!

I was spending the summer in
sketching the wild moorlands and
old farmsteads in West Somerset
and lodged at Knapwick farm, a
very interesting old Tudor house
that had figured a good deal in the
troubled times of the Monmouth in-
surrection and had many romantic
associations.

Farmer Hembrow and his wife
were a hardworking, worthy couple
for whom I had great respect, but
their prosperity was on the wane,
and they were consequently glad to
increase their slender income by tak-
ing in artists as lodgers during the
summer months.

There was a daughter—Bessie
her name—and I may as well at once
confess that I had not been in the
house three days before I was her
slave. She was of course pretty.

She was more—she was beautiful.
She had not the beauty that is large-
ly the product of society graces and
affectations, but that rustic loveliness
which comes of pure thoughts,
a healthy life and living so near to
the apple blossom and the rose.

The farmer soon took me into his
confidence. Farming, he told me,
was not what it had been. He
worked hard from morning till
night and for several years had only
succeeded in just "making both ends
meet." His affairs had now, how-
ever, become so bad that he feared
there was nothing but ruin before him.

When therefore I asked Bessie to
be my wife, she said in a simple, dif-
fident way that her parents could not
do without her; that if she left them
they would be obliged to engage a
maid to take her place and would
have to pay wages.

"If," she said, "farming improves,
and father gets out of his difficulties,
and you then remain of the same
mind, well, then." The sentence
was unfinished, but its meaning was
clear, and I had to be content and wait.

One day, after I had been sketch-
ing, I strolled home across the fields
and passed through a small gate into
the garden at the back of the house.
A little way from the kitchen door
was an old well, from which de-
liciously cool and refreshing water
was drawn for the use of the farm.

It was said to be of unusual depth,
even in a part of the country
abounding in deep wells. It had the
customary hand winch and chain
for raising the bucket, which was
left standing on the edge.

I raised the lid of the well and
looked down. I could just see, or
fancy I could see, a small shimmer-
ing light at the bottom of the dark
abyss, and when I dropped a small
stone I was fascinated by the deep,
weird, musical note that echoed and
circled upward when the water was
struck.

How it happened I do not exactly
know. Whether I became giddy or
my foot slipped, or both, certain it
is that I suddenly stumbled into the
well. I clutched at the chain and
by a merciful providence grasped it.
But my weight being so much the
greater the bucket was immediately
dragged over the edge, and with it I
descended at a fearful speed to what
I had just time to think must be cer-
tain death. Fortunately, however,
the winch was rusty and worked
hard, while the heavy handle as it
spun round acted as a flywheel, and
so helped to retard my descent.

Still the fall was rapid and horrible
in the extreme.

Directly I struck the water I lost
my grip of the chain and was
slung deep into the dark pool.

When I rose to the surface, I seized
hold of the chain again and managed
to get my feet into the bucket, which
hung some two feet under the sur-
face. I had received some severe
bruises in striking against the side of
the well, but had luckily sustained no
serious injury. Had I been stunned
I must infallibly have been drowned,
for the water was obviously very
deep.

Still my position was the most ter-
rible one I had ever been in. The
depth of the well was immense, and
I was in almost pitch darkness. As
I gazed up through the long, tubelike
passage, I could see the glimmer of a
star, although it was broad daylight.
The water was icy cold, and my legs
seemed freezing, while the round
wall was wet with slime. I gave one
loud cry for help, and nothing could
describe the horrible effect of the
deafening reverberations. It seemed
as if innumerable hordes of vampires
and fiends were shrieking, howling
and gibbering around me. I knew,
however, that no one could hear my
cry, and I did not repeat it.

How was I to save myself from
this living sepulcher? It seemed clear
that there were only two courses open
to me—one to climb the chain, and
the other to wait until somebody
drew me up with the bucket. As I
was a bad climber and a poor athlete
I felt I could not safely trust myself
to the former, and therefore decided
to exercise all the powers of endur-
ance I possessed and wait until some-
body came to draw water, which usu-
ally happened two or three times a day.

But the more I thought the mat-
ter over the more I saw its dangers.
The maid-servant always drew the
water, and this is what would
happen: She would proceed to wind
up the bucket, and as my additional
weight would make the work much
harder she would wonder what was
the matter. The last thing in the
world that would occur to her would
be that a living man was at the end
of the chain. She would probably
conclude that the rusty state of the
winch had most to do with it. Now,
whether I first discovered myself to
her by letting her see me come to
the surface or by calling out to her
when I was near the top of the well,
the shock would be equally great to
her, and she would infallibly leave
the handle and fly into the house,
for I knew her to be a most timid
and superstitious woman. I could
not hope to come out of a second fall
alive.

This did not take me more than a
fraction of the time to think that it
does to write. It was clear to me
that I must try somehow to climb
the chain, and I at once set to work
to accomplish it. I knew I could
climb short distances, and if I only
had a foothold for an occasional rest
I might reach the top. Was there no
expedient by means of which I might
effect this? An idea occurred to me.
I was wearing a small link but very
strong Albert watch chain. I found
that I could put this through the
large links of the well chain, and by
passing the small gold bar through
the ring at the other end form a loop
that would just receive one's foot.
This would serve my purpose admir-
ably.

Holding the watch chain in my
teeth, I started on the ascent. I think
I must have climbed about 10 feet
when I was very exhausted and de-
cided on a pause. I formed my loop
on a level with my face, and then
went forward again until I could get
my foot into its resting place. After
a few minutes rest I went on again,
descending a little way first to de-
tach the watch chain. As I glanced
upward the extent of my advance
was not appreciable, but I was deter-
mined to persevere and started on
my second stage with energy.

I soon found, however, that my
strength could not hold out even
with the occasional rests that I had
arranged for myself. The instability
of the chain, the soreness of my fin-
gers and the horror of my surround-
ings all added to the muscular dif-
ficulty of the climb, and when I was
on the third stage of my perilous
journey I was resolved to slip back
to the bottom of the well and await
my fate.

Suddenly, some two feet above my
head, I fancied I saw some sort of
opening or niche in the side of the
well. My eyes had grown more ac-
customed to the darkness of the
place, and the round, slimy surface
of the wall reflected a few rays of
light, with the exception of this spot,
which seemed darker than the sur-
rounding brickwork. Probably part
of the well had at some time fallen
in. Curiosity stimulated me to go
on, and when I was level with the
place I arranged the sling for my foot
and rested a moment.

By swimming on the chain from side
to side I was soon able to grasp a
brick in the angle of the opening
and place the foot that was disen-
gaged upon the ledge. The hole
seemed to extend some distance—at
any rate, farther than I could reach
with either hand or foot—and as the
floor was firm and level I decided to
land there. I should be a little nearer
the outer world, if not in greater
safety, and it would certainly be
preferable to standing in two feet of
water, with the prospect of being
raised some hundreds of feet to be
dashed again to the bottom. How-
ever, I took the precaution of securing
the chain temporarily while I ex-
plored my new surroundings.

I had just finished fastening it
against the wall when, in a flash,
some huge object came thundering
down the well and fell with a mighty
crash in the water below. Great
heavens! What new horror was that?
I threw myself against the wall and
trembled with fear. Had my move-
ments been the cause of the dislodg-
ment of a part of the masonry above?
Suppose I had been at the bottom!

I now put out my hand to feel
whether the chain was secure. It
was gone! Every moment seemed
to bring some fresh terror. There
was now nothing whatever before
me but starvation and death. I was
practically buried alive. However, I
was resolved not to die without a
struggle.

I found, on entering the place I
was in, that it was really an arched
passage. What could have been its
object? Where did it lead? As I
groped cautiously along, I remem-
bered that the ruins of an old abbey
were close by, and that Farmer Hem-
brow had told me that the villagers
always declared there were under-
ground passages leading from it.

Perhaps this was one of them.
My advance was suddenly cut short
by some obstacle, which I soon felt
to be an ancient mummy chest,
bound with heavy bands of iron.
My foot, as I kicked it, went through
the rotten woodwork and struck on
something that jangled like metal.
I put in my hand and drew out what
I felt at once to be a jeweled chalice.
This was indeed a treasure chest.
But what was all the treasure in the
world to me now? I replaced the cup
and felt behind the chest. There was
a dead wall.

I decided to retrace my steps to the
well, and as I did so I kept by the
wall opposite to that by which I
came. It was fortunate I did so, for
it led to my discovering another pas-
sage leading at right angles. Along
this I was able to make my way to a
much greater distance than in the
other, though it was rougher, and I
kept stumbling over loose bricks,
stone and earth that had fallen in.
At one place I had to crawl on my
hands and knees over a large heap of
debris, through an opening just large
enough to admit my body, and as
there was nothing but the bare earth
above, which my movements might
cause to fall in on me, it was a terri-
bly anxious moment.

The passage ended in a flight of
stone steps, but the whole exit was
blocked by masonry and rubbish.
However, a draft of fresh air reached
my feverish cheeks and gave me new
hope. I set to work desperately and
cleared away the stones and debris
with my hands. Soon I saw on one
side a small chink, and I threw it to
the open sky. Working in this direc-
tion I presently succeeded in making
an opening large enough to crawl
through.

When I emerged, I found that I was
in the midst of a heap of ruins on the
site of the old abbey and surrounded
by hardy, tough, ferns and huge dock
leaves. Directly I stood up and took
a deep draft of fresh air I saw a few
yards in front of me a man seated on
a stone, absorbed in melancholy.

It was David Worsfold, a young
farmer, and a rejected suitor of Bes-
sie's. I had been told that he was in-
tensely jealous of myself and had
even vowed vengeance against me.
But I regarded this as mere village
gossip. I called out his name. At
the sound of my voice David sprang
to his feet with a look of horror on
his face. For a moment he remained
spellbound, gazing at me as I stood
like one risen out of the earth. Then
he turned and without a word fled
across the fields.

When I returned to the farm, the
good people would hardly believe
their eyes. Bessie, dear soul! was in
tears, which ran afresh at sight of
me. David Worsfold had been look-
ing into the garden from the road
and saw me fall into the well. I was
looking down, he said, when one of
the large flagstones at the edge had
apparently slipped away and carried
me down with it.

Now I knew the reason for David's
fear, and that he had himself hurled
down the stone which I had so mirac-
ulously escaped to make certain,
as he thought, of my death. When
he saw my form rise up before him
amid the abbey ruins, he might well,
with his supposed crime upon his
head, have been terror-stricken.

The value of the treasure that I
had found was considerable and en-
abled Farmer Hembrow to get out of
his difficulties and have a fresh start.
The good fellow knew nothing about
the law of treasure trove, and as I was
very much interested in his welfare I
did not inform him. He took my ad-
vice and kept his discovery a secret
from his neighbors, and there was
not much difficulty in turning the
old treasure into money.

David Worsfold has, I believe, emi-
grated to Nebraska, and somebody
told me he was doing well. I held
my peace concerning his share in my
terrible adventure. I have told no-
body but Bessie, and of course I have
no secrets from my dear little wife.

—London Tit-Bits.

Sonoma.

Here's what the girl says:
On (—) Cod, "Quit!"
In Maine, New Hampshire and
Vermont, "Debay!"
In Boston, "Don't!"
And they all mean just the same.
—Boston Herald.

SHILOH'S
CONSUMPTION
CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is
without a parallel in the history of medicine.
All druggists are authorized to sell it on a pos-
itive guarantee, a test that no other cure can
successfully stand. That it may become
known, the Proprietors, at an enormous ex-
pense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into
every home in the United States and Canada.
If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bron-
chitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your
child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use
it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread
that insidious disease Consumption, use it.
Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE,
Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. If your lungs
are sore or back lame, use Shilo's Porous
Plaster, Price 25 cts. For sale by all Drug-
gists and Dealers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COPPER RIVETED
OVERALLS
AND
LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S
SPRING
BOTTOM PANTS
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. O. SCHULER

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars,

Cigars, Tobacco & Smoker's

Articles

Main Street, Petaluma.

Tree Wash.

POWDERED 98 DEGREES CAUSTIC

Soda, Potash, Insecticide, etc., etc.

T. W. JACKSON & CO.,

Sole Agents,

5 Market St., San Francisco.

JOSEPH A. COWEN,

Book - Binder

Blank Book Manufacturer,

PETALUMA.

LOST.

A brown Dachshund pup. The
finder will be suitably rewarded
by leaving him at this office.

Joe Pokheim, The Tailor

Makes the
best fitting
clothes in the
State at 25
per cent less
than any
other house
on the
Pacific Coast.

Suits \$7.50

From \$12.

Parts

From \$5.

Rules for self-
measurement
and how to
send free to any
address.

203 Montgomery St., 721 Market St.,
1116 and 1112 Market St., San Francisco.

Fresh Bread

FROM THE

McDavitt Bakery, S. F.

For Sale Daily at

JAS. RUFFNER'S.

More Bread for the Money than

sell anywhere else in town. If

SLOOP CAZELLE.

HAUTO, MASTER.

Will make three trips per week

from EMBARCADERO to SAN

FRANCISCO and return. Ship-

pers of Fruit, etc., can obtain terms

by applying to owner at Jackson-

street wharf, San Francisco, and

at Embarcadero or Schellville P.
O. jy1-ly

SHILOH'S

CONSUMPTION

CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is

without a parallel in the history of medicine.

All druggists are authorized to sell it on a pos-

itive guarantee, a test that no other cure can

successfully stand. That it may become

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pense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into

every home in the United States and Canada.

If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bron-

chitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your

child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use

it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread

that insidious disease Consumption, use it.

Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE,

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Meat tender and juicy at Weyl's meat market.

Schocken keeps the best and cheapest groceries.

If you want a good roast or steak go to Weyl's meat market.

The Anderson-Nelson whiskey is a specialty at the Bank Exchange.

Weyl's is the place to get a bargain in groceries.

Wine-making will continue in this valley about October 1st.

For fashionable millinery go to Miss S. Robinson, Main street, Petaluma.

Weyl's meat market is supplied with everything kept in a first-class butcher shop.

Schocken always keeps on hand a complete stock of fresh groceries and dry goods.

Nobody can be troubled with constipation or piles if they take Simmons Liver Regulator.

Four car-loads of fine stock cattle arrived at Shellville station last Wednesday consigned to the Senator Jones ranch.

Andrew Goess launched a new duck boat in Sonoma Creek one day this week. The boat was constructed by Mr. Goess all by himself and is well adapted for duck shooting.

For Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery and also everything kept in a general merchandise store go to Schocken's, north side Plaza, Sonoma.

Miss Clara Cheney has been elected Secretary of the Sonoma Circulating Library, vice W. F. Breit, resigned and Mrs. Ada Pauli, Treasurer, vice T. H. Ellis resigned.

Mr. Lon Perkins, the well known seal-hunter, has returned from his sealing voyage off the coast of Japan, and was around town this week shaking hands with Sonoma friends.

Ed. Albertson, youngest brother of Jas. H. Albertson of this place, died at his home in Ukiah, Mendocino county, last Monday of consumption. The deceased had been ailing for a long time.

W. F. Breit, who suddenly went insane in Madera several weeks ago, and who was subsequently removed to the German Hospital, San Francisco, where he is now undergoing treatment, is reported to be worse.

Ex-Marshall Breitenbach has won his suit against the City of Santa Rosa, brought to recover \$20 balance due him on his salary as Marshal. The case was tried by Judge Brown and a jury. It is said the city will not appeal the case.

The O'Brien property on Napa street, adjoining the residence of C. W. Engelbert, has been leased by B. P. Norris, who will occupy the same as a residence. Besides constructing a new fence other improvements will be made before the premises are occupied by the lessee.

A 200-acre stock range situated a few miles from Sonoma can be leased for from one to five years for \$200. Wood cut on the place, which is well timbered, will be taken in part payment for rent. Read adv. in another column.

A reply to this office for further particulars.

A level-headed editor of an exchange says: "My friend, do not speak slightly of that man with a lathered hat and time-worn clothes. He is probably the editor of the home paper, while the man with the silk hat and well-brushed clothes that passes him by 'on the other side' is the delinquent subscriber. Appearances are often misleading."

Bernard Baer, formerly of this place, but now a prosperous merchant in Grass Valley, Nevada county, was in town several days this week, the guest of his uncle S. Schocken. Mr. Baer reports business lively in Grass Valley, which is kept up by a number of the richest gold mines in California, one of which is the Champion, owned and controlled by a company in which Clement Schuster of this place is a large shareholder.

H. O. Clark, with the piano firm of F. W. Spencer & Co., San Francisco, and one of the most experienced piano tuners in the State, will be in Sonoma to-day and will remain until the middle of the week. Those having pianos to tune should not fail to call upon him. His charges are reasonable. He has already put in perfect tune some of the finest pianos in this valley, and has given satisfaction in every case. While in Sonoma he will make his headquarters at the Union Hotel.

State and County taxes for the coming year have been fixed by the Board of Supervisors at \$1.30 on the \$100 of valuation. This is a much higher rate than the levy of 1892, which was made \$1.15 by the Cady Supervisors, who went out of office last January. That levy was made for political purposes and should have been \$1.30. Had the rate been set at that figure, the levy this year would undoubtedly have been \$1.15. The extravagance of the old Board is accountable for the increased rate this year.

The Game Law and the Scarcity of Game.

The open season for quail commences to-morrow. The birds are scarcer this season, as is also every other species of game, than ever before. The game law in so far as this section is concerned, has had an altogether different effect than intended by our law-makers. The intents and purposes of the law is to preserve game, but ever since the game law went into effect all kinds of game, if we except geese, ducks and snipe, has become scarcer every year. The reason for this is apparent. Before there was an open and close season few hunters found their way from the city up this way, and the small amount of game killed by local hunters in a whole season would not amount to half as much as is killed in one single month by city nimrods, who shoot everything in sight. The result is that the people of this valley in addition to having their fences torn down, their crops trampled upon and their orchards and vineyards over-run by city hunters, are slowly but surely being deprived of having a little sport on the very lands they own and pay taxes upon. The present law may be a very good one for city hunters who have no interests in the country, but it seems to us to be a mighty poor law for the people of the rural districts who own the hunting grounds but have no right during the open season which a city sportsman is bound to respect. The law should be changed. The people of the country ought not to be made to feed quail, doves, geese, ducks and other wild game on the products of their orchards, vineyards and grain fields for the benefit of strangers, who as soon as the open season commences invade the country in such numbers that it is a lucky bird indeed that escapes their unerring aim and lives through the open season to raise a brood for the next season.

Grand Jurors.

The following have been drawn as grand jurors in Department One of the Superior Court:

Santa Rosa—Bryant Forsyth, A. E. Leggett, Frank Steele, W. C. Good, Wm. E. Woolsey, Robert Crane, C. D. Near, Thos. A. Forsyth.

Petaluma—John C. Purvine, S. Q. Barlow, David M. Winans, Geo. W. Gaston, J. M. Bowles.

Mendocino—M. Redding, Ransom Powell, Solomon Walters, A. J. Galloway Sr.

Ocean—David C. Knowles, C. H. S. Cule.

Cloverdale—W. P. Ink, J. G. Heald.

Sonoma—H. E. Boyes, Robt. Hall.

Vallejo—T. C. Putnam, W. A. Mills, Thomas H. Cheney.

Washington—L. J. Hall.

Analy—A. C. Shelton.

Salt Point—Andrew J. Walk.

Russian River—A. Faught.

A Threatening Letter.

It is reported that one of Sonoma's enterprising fruit-growers was the recipient one day this week of a threatening letter sent to him by a party unknown. The writer warns him to discharge all Chinamen from his place else his house and barn will be fired. Should the party attempt to carry out the threat and be caught the farmers of this valley will make an example of him that will prove a warning to midnight incendiaries.

Twenty-five Years in Prison.

Judge Crawford Monday passed sentence upon William Basham, the man convicted of an attempt to criminally assault a little six-year old girl. The court ordered that he be confined at San Quentin penitentiary for twenty-five years at hard labor. Basham took his sentence coolly. Great satisfaction is expressed on every side with the sentence of the miserable wretch.—Santa Rosa Republican.

State and County Tax Levy.

At a special meeting of the Supervisors held last Monday the following tax levy was made: Indigent Fund, 61 cents; Bond Fund, 9 cents; General Fund, 24.4 cents; School Fund, 16 1/2 cents; Road Fund, 17 cents. Total county rate, 72.4 cents; State, 57.6. Grand total, \$1.30.

Will of Luther Knight.

The will of the late Luther Knight has been filed for probate in the Superior Court of this county. The property of the deceased is left to Wm. Knight and Mary A. Miner, his children. Mary A. Miner is appointed executrix without bonds. The estate consists of 77 acres of land in Sonoma Township, and personal property estimated to be worth \$300.

Hon. J. K. Luttrell Dying.

News has reached Santa Rosa from Alaska, says the Democrat, that ex-Congressman Luttrell is lying dangerously ill at Sitka and it is feared that he will not survive.

To know how to suggest is the great art of teaching.

FIRE.

J. E. Morris' Large Barn Burned to the Ground.

Just before six o'clock yesterday morning a large barn and a number of out-houses on J. B. Morris' farm, three miles northwest of this city, caught fire and were completely destroyed.

In the barn and adjacent out-houses was stored a quantity of hay, dried and green fruit, farming utensils, harnesses and machinery, all of which were consumed by the flames.

Mr. Morris states that between five and six o'clock he noticed that several horses that were stabled in the barn were acting in a restless manner. Suspecting that something was wrong he repaired to the barn and discovered it was on fire. He immediately rushed into the stalls and liberated the animals just in time to prevent them from being roasted alive.

The origin of the fire is not known.

The barn is said to be insured for \$1100.

The Agua Caliente Postoffice Squabble.

The examination of John Austin, ex-Postmaster of Agua Caliente, who was recently arrested on complaint of J. B. Morris and M. K. Cady, who charged him with opening letters addressed to them, will take place in the United States Circuit Court, San Francisco, next Monday. Ever since Austin's arrest M. K. Cady has been acting as Postmaster in his place, much to the dissatisfaction of a number of the patrons of the office, who think a job has been put up on Austin to get the postoffice away from him.

Fierce Forest Fire.

A forest fire broke out in the mountains four miles north of this place last Thursday afternoon. The flames were fanned by a heavy wind from the west, and in less than half an hour the fire had made such rapid headway that it was sweeping along like a cyclone through the mountains and canyons ten or twelve miles from the starting point. No damage has yet been reported.

Military Company.

There was a meeting at Weyl's Hall on Friday night of last week for the purpose of making arrangements for the organization of a military company in this place. Thirty names were enrolled and Messrs. Hugh Maxwell and E. J. Mullin were appointed a committee to wait upon the Adjutant General of the State Militia to secure the necessary accoutrements.

GLEN ELLEN.

A double floor has been laid on the iron bridge at this place.

Mr. J. Chauvel has thus far purchased about 600 tons of wine grapes.

Horseback riding is one of the favorite amusements of the ladies in this vicinity.

Mrs. Martin, School Superintendent, visited the public schools in this vicinity last Wednesday.

F. Ehleben and family have taken up their residence in the cottage adjoining the Glen Ellen Hotel.

The many friends of Hon. J. K. Luttrell in this place were sorry to hear of his serious illness at Alaska.

A Harrison visited San Francisco last Tuesday, and J. M. Hendley was in Santa Rosa last Wednesday.

J. W. Gibson is building a cottage for Wm. Todd who lately purchased the Warfield and Stuart ranches.

Work on the new wing of the Home for Feeble Minded began last Monday and the grading is about completed.

Santa Rosa and Bennett Valley grape-men were as thick the past week in this vicinity as jack rabbits on the San Joaquin.

Chas. J. Poppe is preparing for a rainy day by having his store and dwelling shingled. Our side-whiskered friend Alexander of Kenwood is at work on the job.

REMINGTON.

Glen Ellen, Sept. 28th, 1893.

Husband (the father of six daughters)—Come, Rose; there is a gentleman in the drawing-room who wants to marry one of our daughters. He is a wine merchant. Wife—A wine merchant? Heaven be praised! Then he will be sure to select one of the older brands.

Handsome Presents.

Given away at Sonoma agency of the Great American Importing Tea Co. Their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder and Flavoring Extracts are without a doubt the best and cheapest. G. H. HOZZ, agent. Give them a call. Judge for yourself.

Harrison is the only living ex-President of the United States.

GOSSIP.

Personal and Social—Other Items of Interest.

(Contributed by Marjorie Dow.)

Items of a personal and social nature are thoughtfully received at this office and will be edited by Marjorie Dow.

S. A. Ringstrom visited the metropolis last Saturday.

Braid will be the ruling trim ming on woolen gowns.

California wines are gaining in favor all the time in Europe.

President Cleveland receives on an average 800 letters a day.

Rapid growth of the finger nails is considered to denote good health.

In every country consumption kills more people than any other disease.

John M. Hendley, mine host of the Glen Ellen Hotel, was in town Tuesday.

One of the largest barber shops in New York now employs girl barbers exclusively.

H. C. Mohr has moved into one of the Orsey cottages in the western suburbs of town.

Gray in various shades is the prescribed color for mens' clothing this fall.

Oliver Brown returned last Monday from a month's visit to the metropolis.

English prophecy—A revival of ringlets for women and side whiskers for men.

Mrs. E. Cutter has gone to Napa, where she will visit with friends for several weeks.

The wine crop of this country, it is estimated, will exceed 26,000,000 gallons this year.

Mr. Emparian left Sonoma last Sunday for Mexico, where he will remain for several months.

It is not proper to talk when others are singing or doing anything for your amusement.

Chas. Potter Sr. and Harry Fisher returned from a business trip to San Francisco last Saturday.

Col. G. F. Hooper left Sonoma last Monday for New York City, where he will remain until after Christmas.

The latest freak in Paris fashions is the seamless skirt. The only possible opening is a hole just large enough to get one's head through.

Chas. M. Mason of San Francisco, was in town several days this week, the guest of Mrs. Mason, who has been spending the summer in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Helberg of Shellville were presented with a bouncing baby boy last Wednesday afternoon. The youngster tipped the scales at 11 1/2 pounds.

Clement Schuster came up Saturday from the Bay City to visit his Sonoma home. Mrs. Schuster is still in Nevada City, where she has been detained by the illness of her sister.

A teaspoonful of powdered borax thrown into the bathtub while bathing will communicate a velvety softness to the water and at the same time invigorate and rest the bather.

A bouncing baby boy has been born to the wife of Wm. Cook of Glenwood, Indiana. There is nothing startling in this, but when it is stated that the mother is sixty-eight years old and the father seventy-two the case appears noteworthy.

Mrs. Merriam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McMackin of Shellville, who fell from a bicycle about a year ago, is now up and around with the aid of crutches. The lady has been under the care of a physician in Oakland for many months. Her recovery now promises to be very rapid.

Last Saturday evening a jolly party of young folks, residents of Shellville, enjoyed a delightful hay ride through the beautiful Sonoma Valley, the bright moonlight adding much to the joyous occasion. The large wagon and horses belonging to Eden Dale were kindly loaned by Mr. Howe, the genial owner. After driving several miles through the suburbs of Sonoma, laughing and enjoying themselves generally, they returned home shortly after midnight well pleased with their first hay ride of the season. The following were among the party: Misses Dora Howe, Madge Dowling, Mattie Goodman, Zerifa Howe, Ida Goodman, Maud Gale, Messrs Wm. Watt, Nicholas Ten Bosh, Joe McMullen, Steve Akers.

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Keep cool and you command everybody.

Capt. W. B. Pless was in town last Wednesday.

Walter Caldwell visited San Rafael last Sunday.

Twenty-eight prisoners are now confined in the county jail.

Grapes are selling at Forestville, Sonoma county, for \$8 per ton.

Dress may not make the man, but it proclaims the gentleman.

The inhabitants of the earth have never seen but one side of the moon.

In all countries more marriages take place in June than in any other month.

A little boy, on being asked what part of school he liked best, replied promptly: "Goin' and comin' home."

Mr. J. C. Oughein of San Francisco has been visiting Mrs. Biggins and daughters for several days this week.

The first public schools in the present limits of the United States were established in Massachusetts in 1645.

Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one; B (the ham) was weak, and when it tripped, it spelt their fun.

F. Clewe is having his fine store building on the corner of Broadway and Napa streets newly painted and otherwise improved.

An English woman has invented a tool by which poison can be inserted into the heart of a weed, killing it in a very short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Shubrick Norris, who have been in Chicago taking in the World's Fair the past few weeks, will return to Sonoma next week.

The annual Fair to be given by the ladies of the Congregational Church the latter part of next month promises to be a pleasant affair.

Mrs. Fannie McG. Martin, County Superintendent of Schools, came down from Santa Rosa last Thursday to visit the Sonoma public school.

County Clerk Wines issued five marriage licenses last Wednesday, whereas the "Democrat" remarks that Cupid and Hymen are having a boom.

Mrs. Harry Weise (nee Sophia Williams) was in town last Thursday visiting friends. She was accompanied by her mother Mrs. J. A. Williams of Glen Ellen.

"I wonder where grandpa gets all his money from?" said Tommy.

"I think he gets it from the Sunday schools," replied Bobbie.

"We take up collections for the orphans every month, and grandpa's one."

Mr. and Mrs. Will Carithers (nee Ida Ewing) returned from their wedding tour on Friday evening of last week. They were tendered a grand reception by their many Santa Rosa friends.

A lady told a party of friends that she had quarreled with her husband, and had planted a tree in memory of this first falling-out.

"What a splendid idea," whispered another lady in her husband's ear: "if we had adopted that plan, we might have had by now a fine avenue of trees in our garden."

John McDonough, conductor on the San Francisco and North Pacific railroad, formerly conductor on the Sonoma Valley Branch, has purchased the Sotoyome House in Idealburg, and has taken charge, and will hereafter run the hotel himself.

Mr. McDonough is well known to the residents of this valley as a pleasant and obliging gentleman and we predict for him much success in his new enterprise.

Mrs. Dr. Frisbie has had a handsome granite monument erected in the Mountain Cemetery over the remains of her late husband Dr. L. B. Frisbie. Mrs. Frisbie has a family burial plot in Mountain Cemetery, and it is her intention to have the body of her daughter removed from Syracuse, New York, to Sonoma, where it may repose beside those of her father.

The celebration held at Tomales on Wednesday of last week by the Swiss Societies of Sonoma and Marin counties, was a great success and was attended by many Americans. The event was brought to a close by vocal and instrumental music and a grand ball in the evening. The Park Band of San Francisco furnished the music.

The Sacramento Bee says: Dr. Eugene F. West, accused of the murder of Miss Annie Gilmore, has married Miss Annie Staley in order that she cannot be used to testify against him. This is probably the first case on record where a man married a woman in order to shut her mouth.

The weeping willow is a Turkish and Syrian plant. It was first described in 1692.

University of California.

Your committee have made a very careful examination of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, and are satisfied that it fulfils all the requirements which the public can make of a baking powder. For purity and care in preparation it equals any in the market, and

Our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any other of which we have any knowledge.

N. B. Rising

Prof. Chemistry, University of California, and State Analyst.

W. J. Kenzlee

Prof. Chemistry, College Pharmacy of the University of California.

All other baking powders contain either alum or ammonia.

Why is an impudent man like a fat-faced man? Because he has so much cheek.

The spire of the new Methodist Church in Santa Rosa will be 145 feet in height.

To drink wine without deluting it with water was once regarded by both Greeks and Romans as barbarism.

A Medical Firm Gives Away Cash.

J. F. Smith & Co. of No. 255 Greenwich St., New York, the manufacturers of that favorite cathartic known as Smith's Bile Beans, have adopted a novel plan. They ask the individual buyers of Bile Beans to send their full name and address, with an outside wrapper from a bottle of Bile Beans (either size) to their office, and they give \$3 for the first wrapper received in each morning's mail, and \$1 for the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th. Every day \$10 in cash is thus sent to their correspondents. Ask for SMALL size.

HALE BROS. & CO'S NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

Union Hall, Sonoma, Oct. 24 & 25.

The Ladies' Society of the Congregational Church will hold their Annual Fair and Festival, in Union Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 24th and 25th. Bazar tables, refreshments and entertainment each evening. Admission 25 cents.

Why is an impudent man like a fat-faced man? Because he has so much cheek.

The spire of the new Methodist Church in Santa Rosa will be 145 feet in height.

How is This?

Something unique even in these days of mammoth premium offers, it is the latest effort of the Magazine, a New York monthly of home and general reading.

The proposition is to send the Magazine one year for one dollar, the regular subscription price; and in addition to send each subscriber fifty-two complete novels during the twelve months; one each week.

Think of it. You receive a new and complete novel, by mail, post paid, every week for fifty-two weeks, and in addition you get the magazine once a month, for twelve months, all for one dollar. It is an offer which the publishers can only afford to make in the confident expectation of getting a hundred thousand new subscribers. Among the authors in the coming series are, Wilkie Collins, Walter Besant, Mrs. Oliphant, Mary Cecil Hay, Florence Marryat, Anthony Trollope, A. Conan Doyle, Miss Braddon, Captain Marryat, Miss Thackeray and Jules Verne. If you wish to take advantage of this unusual opportunity, send one dollar for the Magazine, one year. Your first copy of the magazine and your first number of the fifty-two novels (one each week) which you are to receive during the year will be sent you by return mail. Remit by P. O. Order, registered letter or express. Address, H. STAFFORD, Publisher, Stafford's Magazine, P. O. Box 2264, New York, N. Y.

Please mention this paper.

Dr. Miller's New Heart Cure at Druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FENCING
WIRE ROPE SERVICE
RAILROAD, FARM, GARDEN,
Semetery, Lawn, Poultry and Rabbit Fencing.
THOUSANDS OF MILES OF WIRE. CATALOGUE
FREE. FREIGHT PAID.

THE McMULLEN WOVEN FENCE CO.,
114, 116, 118 and 120 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

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CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR!
8 at ten cents (silver) or twelve cents in stamps for a Handy Pocket Guide to the great exposition; gives information of value to every visitor. Street Guide, Hotel Prices, Club Fare, Restaurant Rates, etc. Describes the hidden pitfalls for the unwary, and hints how to keep out of them. This indispensable companion to every visitor to the windy city will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of ten cent silver, or twenty cents in stamps. Address, H. STAFFORD, Publisher, P. O. Box 2264, New York, N. Y.

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BIOGRAPHY OF JAS. G. BLAINE
By GAIL HAMILTON, his literary executor, with the co-operation of his family, and by Mr. Blaine's Complete Works, "Twenty years of Congress," and his later book, "Political Discussions." One prospectus for these 3 BEST SELLING books in the market. A. K. P. Jordan of Me., took 112 orders from first 110 calls; agent's profit \$196.60. Mrs. Ballard of O. took 15 orders, 13 Seal Russia, in 1 day; profit \$26.25. E. N. Rice of Mass. took 27 orders in 2 days, profit \$47.25. J. Partridge of Me. took 43 orders from 36 calls; profit \$72.25; E. A. Palmer of N. Dak. took 53 orders in 3 days; profit \$98.25. Exclusive Territory given. If you wish to make LARGE MONEY, write immediately for terms to
THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO.
Norwich Conn.

BISON FOR ENGLISH PARKS.

Specimens of the Few Surviving Buffaloes Shipped Across the Atlantic.

Fifty or even half that number of years ago the possibility of the "buff" of the American prairies becoming extinct was not so much as dreamed of. For ages they had wandered in countless herds on the plains on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, providing the red Indian with an apparently inexhaustible supply of meat. Thousands were killed for their tongues and the steak cut out of the hump—the most delicate part.

The bison from which early "voyagers" and fur traders obtained their "pemmican" did not suffer from the demands made upon their numbers by the Indians, but the white hunter with his ever improving firearms did the work of destruction. Where once the herds were so numerous that it was the practice to drive them gradually to the edge of a precipice and then frighten them over none can be found.

At last the United States government awoke to the fact that America was upon the point of losing the bison. The agents of the Smithsonian institute had a difficulty in procuring some specimens which were required. The result was that a small herd of about 40 is now strictly preserved in Yellowstone park. But one or two wander away every year and are soon killed when once outside the protected territory. The security of the herd is consequently by no means assured. The news therefore that a number of Nebraska buffaloes have been imported to this country, having been obtained for the purpose of being turned loose in some of our parks, will be welcomed by our naturalists.

It is, unfortunately, very questionable if the experiment of keeping and breeding the great beasts in our English parks will be attended with any success. The bison on its native plains is accustomed to great heat in summer and extreme cold in winter. But for all that the climate is a constant one, and the change to the variability, the fog and the damp of this country will be great. Indeed, when we look at the condition of the bison's European relation, the aurochs, we may well doubt if the genus bison will long remain an inhabitant of the earth. It may be many years before we quite lose it, for representatives will probably linger for a comparatively long period preserved in parks, just as the ancient white British cattle linger now.

But, as in the case of the latter, the want of fresh blood and the consequent close interbreeding will tell in time and result in constantly diminishing fertility, until in the course of years the last representative of the race will die and the world know them no more. We may safely say the extinction will not happen in our own time, or even in that of the next few generations, but it is to be feared that come it surely will.—St. James Budget.

A London Band Heard in Paris.

An interesting and amusing instance of the efficacy of the London Paris telephone occurred the other day which is worth recording. The Salvation Army band was marching from the Royal Exchange, playing the "Marseillaise," when an idea struck the men present in the telephone room.

The windows and doors were thrown open, and the attendant at the Paris end was asked if he could hear anything. The response (in French) was immediate: "Yes, I can hear the band playing the 'Marseillaise'." That a band of music playing in the streets of London could be plainly distinguished in Paris is, we think, a sufficiently striking marvel of the nineteenth century science.—London Electrical Engineer.

George Was Sorry.

George was a small boy, as well behaved as small boys commonly are, but impulsive. He had been allowed to sit in his high chair at the family table, and one day, having satisfied his hunger, he suddenly threw his knife with all his little strength across the table at his father. Fortunately, it fell short and no particular harm was done, but it seemed a fit opportunity for the inculcation of a lesson. When the rest of the family arose, he was detained, and his mother essayed to impress upon him the enormity of his offense. For awhile the effort seemed hopeless, but at length there were signs of appreciation, and with a quivering lip he cried out, "Georgie'll never throw knife at papa again; throw fork!"—New York Times.

When Lace Was Man's Adornment.

The history of lace contains many curious facts, and while essentially a womanly adornment in its earlier development was almost exclusively appropriated by the sterner sex. Cing Mars left at his death more than 300 sets of lace collars and cuffs. It is stated that desiring to produce an extraordinary collar for Louis XIV no horsehair sufficiently delicate could be obtained and the workers employed instead some of their own hair. The beautiful fineness of the outlines of point de Venise and point de Alencon results from the exceedingly fine use of a horsehair, over which the tiny stitches are cast, and the same little secret method gives the delicate crispness of its tucks and points.—Washington Star.

Handsome Presents

Given away at Sonoma agency of the Great American Importing Tea Co. Their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder and Flavoring Extracts are without a doubt the best and cheapest. G. H. HOUT, age it. Give them a call. Judge for yourself.

Narrowly Escaped Darial Alive.

Mrs. Sara Meade has arrived home from Muskogee, L. T., where she was called by the supposed death of her son. Al Meade of this city, who was struck by lightning, is about 23 years of age. He is a painter and a few weeks ago accepted employment on a government contract about 20 miles from Muskogee, L. T. While engaged at work inside a house an electrical storm came up, and a flash of lightning descended through a fine near which he was at work, destroying the furniture in the room and felling him senseless to the floor. His body was rendered stiff as in death, and he was very badly burned on the right side. The hair was burned from his head and the flesh blistered down to his foot. His ankle was burned through, and his shoe was torn from his foot. He was supposed by all to have been killed and showed no evidence of life whatever.

Five hours later he had been put in a wagon and was being taken to an undertaker's at Muskogee, where it was the intention to have his body encased and sent to his mother in Fort Scott. It was necessary to cross a swollen stream, and in this act the bed of the wagon was partially submerged and the body nearly covered with water. The water had the effect of restoring animation to the apparently lifeless body. In consultation with physicians Mrs. Meade was afterward informed that had not the water submerged his body, which was a rare incident, there is little doubt that the comatose condition of the body would have continued until he was encased in the suffocating casket, and death would necessarily have resulted.—Fort Scott Cor. Kansas City Times.

Register Cranks at the Fair.

The fair has developed some curious cranks. One of the most conspicuous is the gentleman who wants to write his name in every register he comes across. He is generally enthusiastic over his own state, and makes for the local building as soon as he arrives on the grounds. Once there he first locates the register, and with a mighty sweep of the arm scrawls an illegible name across the register. This duty performed he wanders into the next state building, finds the register there and signs his name again.

All told there must be several hundred registers in use, for not only are they to be found in state buildings, but also in exhibits. One man entered the Minnesota building the other day, and as he signed his name exclaimed: "I guess I've beaten the record. This is the two hundred and fiftieth time I've signed my name. I guess more people'll know Jabez he existed before."

It is amusing to watch these register cranks. One got in the California building. "Say, boss," said he to the secretary, "are these names sent back to be printed in the papers?"

"Well, I guess some of the correspondents do send them back." "Well, I'll register then. I've registered in 50 different books these two days. You see I've got friends all over the country, and I want them all to see that I'm at the World's fair."—Chicago Mail.

A Successful Cure.

A Detroit, possessor of the idea that he was a sleuth of the class in which Vidoec made his great fame, went to Chicago and succeeded in having his name placed on the list of Columbian guards. He was bright and full of business. He thought very well of himself, and as a result of all these considerations he was made a detective. This sudden elevation of a tyro to the position of a full fledged thief catcher excited to the light fire-gentry that their ability was being underestimated by the management, and they proceeded to show just how much of a "fly cop" the man from Detroit was. They robbed him twice in rapid succession and then at rather brief intervals until he really began to wonder whether he was enough of a detective to keep his uniform from being stolen off his person in broad daylight. He has entirely revised his opinion of himself as a sleuth hound and is deluging his friends here with requests to get him a job as a street car driver.—Detroit Free Press.

Exploring Labrador.

Two members of the geological survey of Canada have started on one of the longest surveys ever undertaken into what is now generally supposed to be the wild, inhospitable territory in the far north and eastern Canada, known as the Labrador peninsula. The expedition will be absent from civilization for nearly two years, and before it returns hopes to have solved the enigma of the interior of Labrador, concerning which such fabulous tales have been told. If it accomplishes this, the expedition will be a valuable contribution to the world's fund of geological information, and whether fully successful or not, should bring back much important knowledge from that unknown country.—St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Republican.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

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Handsome Presents

Given away at Sonoma agency of the Great American Importing Tea Co. Their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder and Flavoring Extracts are without a doubt the best and cheapest. G. H. HOUT, age it. Give them a call. Judge for yourself.

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Make a Life of Happiness
HOW TO GET THE BLESSINGS
OF LIFE. If you have lost or impaired your manhood or womanhood by sickness or indiscretion, we can cure it. Restore it to its original vigor, or we ask no payment.
We can give you back all your youthful desires and feelings and make them almost unobtainable. It costs you but a two-cent stamp to prove this.
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WHY? Because he follows these rules: "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open." You can have a clear head and live to be ninety if you do the same thing. When the bowels fail to move during the day take on retiring two Smith's Small Bile Beans. Their action is so mild that you are not aware of it. All day your mind will be clear and cool. "Not a gripe in a barrel of them." Ask for small size. Take no substitute for SMITH'S

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